Recommendation of the work Hecommendation of the work.

We approve of the plan on which the publication entitled the 'Journal of Health' is conducted, and believe, that it is calculated to be useful, by enighted in public opinion on a subject of high importance is the welfare of society. The numbers which have appeared, evince talent, and may be viewed as a pledge of the continued usefulness of the publication. Was conducted by its present editors. We, therefore, fed no hesitation in recommending it to public patronage.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1829. N. Chapman, M. D.
Wm. P. Dewees, M. D.
Thos. G. James, M. D.
Wm. F. Hornes, M. D.
sity of Pennytrana. Thos. G James, M. D Wm. E. Horner, M. D. John G. Otto, M. D. Thos T. Hewson, M. D. Franklin Bache, M. D. sity of l'ennsylvana.

Rev. James Montgomery, D. D. Rector of St. 84 phen's Church. Wm. H. De Lancy, D. D. Provost of the Unversity of Pennsylvania.

B. B. Smith. Editor of the Philadelphia Recer-

der, and Rector of Grace Church.
G. T. Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Cherd.
James Abercrombie, D. D. Assistant Ministry,
of Christ Church, and St. Peter's.
George Waller.

Jackson Kemper, Assistant Minister of Chris Church, and St. Peter's. Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. Pastor of the Fifty Presbyterian Church. Wm. M. Engles, Pastor of the Seventh Presy-terian Church. John Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic

Michael Hurley, Pastor of St. Augustine Cathon H. Furness, Pastor of the first Congress

tional Church.
W. T. Brantly. Pastor of the First Bapter.
Church, and Editor of the Columbian Star.
Jno. L. Dagg. Pastor of the Fifth Bapter. on Higgins, Pastor of the Methodist Epis-

copal Union Ch.

"Manning Force, Pastor of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church.
In addition to the above, the names of a number of

highly esteemed members of the different profession, who are subscribers to the work, might be adduced as expressive of the estimation in which it is held. With one voice, the public press from one end of the continent to the other, has spoken of the Journal of Acalth in terms of unequivocal commendation.

TERMS:
The Journal of Health, will appear in number of 16 pages each, octavo, on the second and forth Wednesday of every month. Price per annum, \$125, in advance. Subscriptions and communications (pot paid) will be received by Judar Dobom, Agest, \$2, 108 Cheanut Street. Philadelphia. 08 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Subscribers at a distance will discover, that heds ficulty in remitting the amount of a single subscriber single subscribers will be obviated by any four of them sending on five dollars to the agent. Those to whom this my not be convenient, can receive sixteen numbers of the work by remitting a dollar to the same person. The Journal of Health including index, will formst the end of the year a volume of 400 pages octaro.

.?zents: J Dobson, 108 Chesnut St. Philadelphis, W & J. Necl., Baltimore; Wm. Burgess, 97 Felva street, N. York; Carter & Hendee, Boston; and a most of the towns in the United States.

P A Specimen of the Work may be seen at this Office.

Anne-Arundel County, Sct.

Anne-Arundel County, Sct.

UPON application to Anne-Arundel County Cour, by petition in writing of David Ridgely, of side county, for the benefit of the act of Assembly, easiled An act, for the relief of sundry Insolvent debtors passed at November session 805, & the severs! supplement thereto; a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, as far as he can ascertain them, on oath, being annexed to his said petition, and being stinged that the said petitioner, hath resided in the ster of Maryland, for two years, next preceding the date of his said petition and being allow satisfied by the certeins and being allow satisfied by the certein ficate of the Sheriff of Anne-Arundel county, that is, said David Ridgely, is now in his custody for delt, and for no other cause; and the said petitioner having taken the oath prescribed by law, and esternd into bond with security for his appearance in Assertation being allowed to the said court, on the third Monday of April next, to answer such allegations as his renditors may propose to him, and having also "Executed to a trustee by the said court, appointed a good and safely ficient deed, for all his property, real, nervonal safe may propose to him, and having also Executed a trustee by the said court, appointed a good and afficient deed, for all his property, real, personal and mixed, the necessary wearing apparel, and bedding of himself, and family excepted, and deferred the same to the said trustee, and the said trustee having also executed a bond, for the faithful dischafty of his trust, and certified the delivery into his hands, of all the property of the said petitioner, mentioned is his schedule. It is therefore ordered, and adjugged, by the said court, that the said David Ridgely, be descharged from the custody of the shrift of said courty, and that the said petitioner by causing a copy of this order, to be inserted in some newspaper pablished in the city of Annypolis, for three months accessively, before the said third Monday of April act, give notice to his creditors, to be, and appear at the day and place, to shew cause if any than have, by the said David Ridgely should not have be beset to the act of assembly, and supplements aforemed a prayed.

Yest

Wm. S. Green.

EL-

leav nna Bal

this

JUST PUBLISHED, And for Sale at the Gazette Office, price &

"A COUNTRY CLOWN, or, DANDI-ISM IMPROVED." A Dramath Medley, in one act.

Oot 29 PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

The Juan Carth VOL. LXXXV.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1830.

NO. 10

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN. Church-Street, Annapolis.

ICE-THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE GOOD OLD TIMES. wish the fashions were the same As thirty years ago, can't imagine what can make The tailors change them-so; When I was in my youth, I made A cost of homespun do, and thought it very fine to have My hair tied in a que. and in those days our breeches were All buckled at the knee, deilver buckles would ensure The best of company; Our beavers were of comely shape, And kept off sun and rain-Oh how I wish the ow I wish those broad brimmed hats, Would come in vogue again. I'm troubled with a hilf a vard Of cloth about my feet; My coat is made so very small, The lans will hardly meet; Tight knees are all the fashion now,

And shoes must have square toes; Where the fashion will arrive at last, The tailor only knows. The dandies of the present day,
Have watch chains all of gold.
You'd think their monstrous pocket-book Was filled with wealth untold! My father wore a silver watch, And eke a good steel chain, and well I recollect his straight Old pewter headed came. He owned a large and thrifty farm And always had a plenty of The dollar coins on hand I guess some dashy friends of mine,
Would find it rather hard

To pay for coats they're wearing now, At "two pounds ten per yard." But as for me, I wish I had My silver dollars back. I'd recollect my father's ways, And tread the same old tracts I'd never do as I have done, Risk hundreds on a bet. be obliged so oft to cry "Clean pockets here to let."

From the Boston Statesman. AN HONEST CONFESSION. Some time ago. aw three fellows, clever, hale and spunky, faking a horn you knowking the monkey-There's nothing strange in drinking, or all men drink.

Some till they blink. at I've a way of thinking, more get corned than ersons dream of. shew long faces with their steam off. ne pleasant day in June, I was struggling with a fallen head, y stomach out of tune, lling for something stronger far than mead, decent looking man Come shiverin' though his liver inwere cooking man, And straight he posted to the bar, where people go who thirsty are.
"I'll take a glass of gin and water, Because I'm cold,"

on as the pence were told, In came another sweating like a porter, 1'll take a glass of gin and water, Because I'm hot," ow may I go to pot, The state of the s Come quickly shove it,

for I am one That dares to face the mid-day sun, I love it. -000-000-

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXT. STORY OF A BULL AND A PARSON. or, the first and last sermon of Ichabod Wing Whether the events of the following story appened in Massachusetts or Connecticut, is nothing at all to the purpose; it is enough that they are positive facts—that is—the substance of them, for as we got the story at second hand, we cannot wouch forest in total but the main facts are so authoritied that in the words. Sancho Panza, that mirror of story talling rant ha himself.

d squire errantry, a body may not only be re, but swear to the troth of them.

and squire errantry, a body may not only beleves, but swear to the truth of them.
Ichabod Wing, was the son of a farmer in
one of the interior towns of New England. He
was a simple neddy, but be knew a hawk from
a handsaw and had git enough sometimes to
o within deers when it was raining. With
these feet decomplishments he might have got
along well enough in the world, and gone out
it at less without knewing whether, it stood

Bill Muggs, the sexton, kept turging away
at the hell rope till he had tolled the people
tolling, and the sexton fretting, and the Deacon and the Squire and the old maids, and
all the rest of the congregation on the tenter
hooks of suspense; and go beek to see what
has become of our friend ich bod.

Ichabod had alacked bit see after leaving the house, and had fallen into a sert of res

rise.
Ichabod had somehow or other, and most unaccountably to himself, got the reputation of not being remarkably knowing and acute in the affairs of this world. He always got overthe affairs of this world. He always got over-reached in going to market, made terrible losing bargains in swapping even, and never made a calculation without missing a figure. He would throw the helve after the hatchet, rob Peter to pay Paul, get himself April fool-ed, run into water for fear of rain, stand in his own sun shine, go on a Tom fool's errand, swallow a fish story, and believe what the newspapers said. In short, there was no making any thing of him, so the Young Men's Education Society determined to make him a parson. Every body in the country knows the Young Men's Education Society. They take it upon them to bring up young men to the ministry, and shew a wonderful tack in selecting the obects of their care. Like Garrick's Scotchman who was told that his genius did not lie in comedy, and thence concluded that it must lie in tragedy, these sagacious seople when they find a youth not remarkably blessed with worldly wisdom, very naturally infer that he must be gifted with some more divine faculty, and though in the eyes of the world he may be an incorrigible numskull, he is to them a per-son peculiarly fitted to become a burning and a shining light-thus they evince a determination to verify the text of scripture, "not many wise, &c. are called."

Now Ichabod was just the fellow for this: he was a timorous, sheepish sort of an animal who looked as if he did not dare to say his oul was his own. The directors of the Young Men's Education Society saw at the first glance that he was exactly cut out for their purpose; so they persuaded Ichabod to betake himself to theological studies; there was no difficulty in doing this, for Ichabod was never known to be obstinate, simple soul! like Co nelius Scriblerus he always agreed with the last opinion he heard.

To make a long story short, he got through his studies and was licensed to preach. It was a terrible thing in his apprehension, to preach the first sermon, as he was not remarkable for the first sermon, as he was not remarkable for the strength of his nerves. He bethought him self off the project of going into the field, hold-ing forth to the cabbages, and fancying each head to be an auditor. Some say he actually did it, but this is rather dubious. However it is certain the thing was done, if not by Ich-abod Wing, at least by others in his line, and to judge by the logic which many of these gentlemen hold to their congregations, one would imagine that they thought themselves preaching to cabbage heads still.

preaching to cabbage heads still.

But let that pass. Ichabod, after pondering a long while upon the matter, determined to go to a distant town and make his first essay in the pulpit. He accordingly managed to get himself despatched for this purpose to a congregation at a distance where the minister was absent on a journey for the benefit of his health, a sort of remedy for slight, diseases very highly prized by the clergy. Ichabod quartered himself upon the possessor of the fattest looking farm he could espy, by which it appears that he was not such a fool as to despise good living, and possessed one instinct for which men of his cloth are famous. But let that pass also. Sunday came; Ichabod got ready his sermon with great trepidation and conned it over again and again to make him-

The congregation met, and the meeting house was filled, but the minister put it off terribly. The bell kept tolling and tolling 'till the people thought it never would be done. They yawned and stared about and kept peeping out at the windows—just as if they expected he would come sooner for that. At last Dea-con Snacks got up and spoke to 'Squire Bar-

Squire, where is the minister?" Really, Deacon, I don't know. He came out of my house just after me, but he walked so slow that I got out of sight of him.'

It's very strange he son't come.' Very strange

Here Miss Deborah Peepabout, an elderly virgin, who held the opinion of Paul Pry, that 'the spirit of inquiry is the grand characteristic of the age in which we live,' and who also felt a particular sympathy in the fate of unmarried clergymen, thrus her long nose between the Deacon and the 'Squire, and asked 'Law me! Deacon—Squire—why don't the minister come?'

minister come?' minister come? Then Miss Marma Buskbody, seeing the Deacon, the Squire and Miss Peepabout, engaged in a colledgy, wriggled herself into their company and asked the same question. Then another and another and another fol-

Then another and another and another followed the example, and there was quickly a knot of people gathered round the Deacon and the Squire all asking questions which nobody could answer. The whole congregation was in a uzz buzzing. Every one was asking where the minister was, although every one knew that all the rest were just as ignorant as himself

Bill Muggs, the sexton, kept tugging away

still or turned round; but fate and the Young Men's Education Society had ordained otherwise.

Yerie. Finding himself rather late before he got near the church, he resolved to make a short cut across a field where the road made an angle; so jumping over a stone wall he steered directly for the church, but had not proceeded many paces when he was startled by a most savage and unmusical boo-boo-ing by a most savage and unmusical boo-boo-ing sound in a tone of the deepest-bass he ever heard. Lifting up his eyes he beheld a furious bull making at him with all speed and bellowing like mad. It is needless to say that he took to his heels; the bull made after him, and Johalud put on with all the floatness he could Ichabod put on with all the fleetness he could Ichabod put on with all the fleetness he could exert. Four legs were better than two, and it was soon evident that the quadruped would win the race. Ichabod found he could not reach the wall before the bull would be up with him. 'Now' thought he, it is all over with me!' His shoes flew off; but the bull kept on. He dropped his hat, but the stratagem did not take; the bull was not to be made a fool of. He threw his sermon behind him, but with no better success; the bull was not to be with no better success; the bull was not to be reasoned with; he gave the manuscript a whisk with his tail and scattered it to the four winds!

"I'm gone, I'm gone!' said Ichabod, for the bull was close behind him; at this instant he espied an apple tree close at hand, and summoning all his remaining strength he made a desperate leap, and was fortunate enough to spring into the tree at the moment the bull was at his heels.

Here was an unlooked for deliverance, but unluckily the bull was not so easily got rid of. Though disappointed of his prev he kept about t e tree with such a menacing disposition that Ichabod dared not descend. It seemed as if the malicious animal knew that he kept a congregation waiting, he stuck to the soot with such pertinacity. For two mortal hours did the unlucky Ich hod sit perched upon the tree in sight of the church. Every minute seemed an age to him. He heard the bell toll, toll, toll, and each stroke seemed the funeral knell

He pictured to his fancy a crowded congreration waiting in anxious suspense, and lost n wonder and amazement at his non-appear ance. 'Alas!' said he to himself-

"I hear a voice you cannot hear, Which bids me thus delay, I see the horns you cannot see, Which force me here to stay.

He saw the congregation come out of the churth and scatter hither and thither like sheep without a shepherd, yet he durst not eave the apple tree, because there wasa lion-but a bull in the way!

The congregation were at last fairly tired out Two hours had they waited, and no parson came. The sexton left off tolling the bell, and indeed it was quite time, for he had nearly worn the rope off. The people all came out of the church, having after two hours debating upon the matter, come to the conclusion that there would be no sermon, and that there was good ground for alarm as to the fate of the minister. They sent off parties, east, west, north, and south, to explore the country, and presently Ichabod discovered a crowd advancing along the road headed by the Deacon and the Sexton. Ichabod mustered all the strength of his lungs and bawled out to them like seven watchmen upon a tower. The whole party came to a halt and gazed around with astonishment and fear; at length they spied something snugly roosted in the apple tree; they took it at first for a huge black turkeycock, but on a nearer approach they found it to be no other than the Reverend Parson'

Now the bull just at that moment happened to be pawing and snuffing with his nose to the ground on the other side of the tree, so that he was hidden from the party by a thorn bush at its foot. The people seeing Ichabod perch-ed on high in that same manner, were struck dumb with amazement for a few moments.
Was the poor man bewitched? or had he run
mad, or what had possessed him to spend the
afternoon dangling like a scarecrow on the
bough of an apple tree instead of bolding forth godly discourse in the pulpit?-For moments no one dared advance a step further or speak a single word. At last Bill Muggs the sexton plucked up courage and advanced to the stone wall. He was an old sailor, who within a few years had taken his land-tacks aboard and settled himself up in the bush; he took up the trade of a sexton because it con-sisted in pulling a rope.—On this occasion he undertook to be spokesman of the party, for the Deacon was absolutely frightened. Bill put his head over the wall, clapped his hand

up to the corner of his mouth and sung out—
'Parson ahoy!'
Ichabod lifted up his voice, like an owl in e desert, and exclaimed 'Come along' come along! save me! save me!

along! save me! save me!

'Blast your eye-balls,' said Bill, clawing a huge quid of tobacco out of his mouth and throwing it slap upon the ground, 'why don't you save your self?'

'I can't! can't,' said Ichabod. 'Drive him away...Drive him away,'

By this time some of the party, and the

Deacon among the rest, had got over the wall and were advancing towards the tree, staring and wondering to hear the parson talk in such an unaccountable manner.

'Come down, come down,' said the Deacon 'What have you been doing all the afternoon in Colonel Shute's orchard?

'Ay, sy,' said Bill, twhat are you about there aloft without your hat and shoes? looking for all the world like a starved monkey sitting on a lee backstay?'

At this moment the party had got nearly up | tiful it seemed—like the sportive lamb, deckto the tree. Look out! look out! cried Icha- | ed with a flowery garland for the sacrifice. I bod, 'He's coming!' They had no time to ask who it was that was coming for before the words were fairly out of his mouth, they heard a furious bellow, and, bounce—in an instant the bull was among them! Heavens! what a scampering! The whole squad took to flight quicker than a flock of wild ducks on hearing a shot. The deacon lost his hat and wig, and captain Blueberry ran out of his boots, which were a little too large for him. Divers other accidents happened. The greatest catastrophes were those of Squire Snakeroot and Lieuten-ant Darling. The 'Squire being pursy and short-winded, was overtaken by the bull, and received a tremendous butt in the rear which rithout a double cushion for a fortnight. The bull after knocking him over ran off after the others, and the Squire made a shift to elimb up into the tree and take sides with the par-

on.
The Lieutenant's was a more frightful case -He was a short, fat, thick-set, duck-legged fellow, and happened to be dressed in a pair of stout, old-fashion leather breeches. bull having floored the Squire, came in the twinkling of a bedpost right upon the Lieutenant, who was waddling off in double quick time.—The bull hit him a poke behind, intending to serve him as he did the Squire, but one of his horns catching in the waisthand of the Lieutenant's inexpressibles, he was taken off his legs in an instant and whisked off upon the bull's horn. Away went the bull scouring after the fugitives, with the unfortunate. Dicutenant dangling by the waistband, and fairly out of his wits with terror. His capers in the air were only brought to an end by the bull bringing up, butt, against the stone wall, and pitching the Lieutenant completely over into the road.

The rest of the party got over the wall without any help, and escaped the fury of the ani-mal. And now commenced a regular set-to. The party armed themselves with stones and clubs, and began a pitched battle with the bull for the deliverance of Ichabod. Thumps, bangs, thrusts, pokes and missiles of every description, were showered upon the hide of the furious beast, who shook his redoubtable horns, flourished his tail, and ran butting and bellowing here and there, wherever the attack was hottest. Ichabod & the Squire meantime shouting from their citadel in the apple tree cheering on the assailants, and attacking the bull in the rear by pelting him with small-shot

in the shape of winter pippins.

This holy war lasted for three quarters of an hour, and the bull seemed likely to win the day. Ichabod fancied himself already reduced to the necessity of taking up his quarters in the tree for the night; but luckily, at this moment a reinforcement arrived, and the bull began slowly to retreat; the assailants, headed by Bill Muggs, pressed their advan-tage, carried the stone wall by escalade, forma solid column, and in a short time the bull was driven from the field without the loss of a single man. And thus the victory being a-

chieved-Ichabod came down from the tree. But it was all over with him. His sermon was gone, the afternoon was gone, and he soon found that his hopes of wagging his pow in a pulpit, were gone. The bull was never out of his mind. He never had the courage to attempt another sermon, and at the very thought of marching to church in a surplice, he imagines, to this day, he hears a boo-boo ing, and sees a pair of horns.

THE BURIAL—A FRAGMENT.

It was summer. The sun shone proudly down upon the grey mist that rose above the billows—the blushing charms of spring were passed, and the summer glow of loveliness had succeeded. The woodlands were gay and beautiful—for nature had clothed them in all her surpassing splendours. The mountain stream now ran, now rippled, now curling with its silver eddies, glad sparkling in the sun beam—now smoothly flowed along its evervarying bed, towards its quiet home "in the world of water." The birds warbled as sweetly in their green bowers of bliss, as if sighs and tears were unknown.

There was joy on earth. The twittering swallow, as it darted along in sunshine and shade, heeded not the bitter wailings of affliction and distress—the wild bird in its noiseless flight, softly silent as falls the snow-flake, seemed unmindful of wo, as it flashed its wing across the vision, like a thought of a dream during the hushed hours of midnight, and vanished as suddenly. To me, the sigh of their joyous felicity brought no gladness, the sounds of their mirth fell cold upon the heart—it seemed but bitter mockery; and spoke of days departed. The bright and laughing skies seemed insensible, that they were smiling over min insensible that they were smiling over ruin and decay; that one of hope's fairest sweetest flowers, had drooped and died; and that now—even now—was to be laid in the earth's cold

I had seen the child in its guileless beauty, when it was a thing all glowing with health, in-necence, and joy; I had seen it folded in the arms of her that bore, in all the overwhelming fondness of a mother's love. But now her first somess or a mother's love. But now her first born blessing—her first, last, and only one, slept—not on the soft bosom of a mother's tenderness—but, with the quiet, dead! Death, death! how lovely caust thou ba! Though pale and lifeless, it wore a smile passionless and pure, as the cherub of immortality—it had nothing of the grave—but its silence. Se head-

ed with a flowery garland for the sacrifice. I could fain have laid down by its side in the cold bosom of our common mother, in the dark and silent valley.

Thou weepest, childless mother—ah, well thou mayest, the son of God wept at the tomb of thou mayest, the son of God wept at the tomb of his friends—and thou mournest thy first-bern. Hard it is for thee to lay thy loved one low in the damp earth—beneath the cold clods of the valley—hard it is to reflect that this, thy child of peerless beauty, will never more raise its rosy lips to thine, in all the fondness of child-hood's warm affection. Ah! these are recollections that weigh upon the soul, even to overpowering. Memory tells thee thou art desolate—it tells, too of playful smiles—of a thousand soft and winning ways that twine thousand soft and winning ways that twine around the mother's bosom—it tells of the sweet, wild throbbings of bliss that were thine when softly soothing it to slumber and repose. Now, the foliage of the cypress will be its shelter; and the narrow house its abideing place—the nursery will no more resound with its gladsome mirth—the cradle in which it had so often reposed in quiet is now desolate. Thou

weepest, childless mother.

The last look. The time is come when she may gaze once more upon her sleeping boy, ere the pall is settled upon his lifeless brow. Oh, the bitter agony of that moment—one long burning kiss upon his marble brow, and he is shut from her view. In the fullness of her grief she says,

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie, With drowsy smile, and half-shut eye-Pillowed upon thy mother's breast, Serenely sinking into rest.
For God hath lai' thee down to sleep, Like a pure pearl beneath the deep!

Look abroad, fond mother, upon the ways of sinful men, and repine no more that God hath made thy child an angel in the regions of bliss. Now his song mingles with the thanks-giving of the blest!—sanctified, safe, and seure from the stormy blasts of iniquity, with

him who is from everlasting!
The long train of weeping friends gathered round a fresh-dug grave. The coffin was lowered into its final resting-place, in the vale of solitude and silence—the spirit of him who was so lovely here had, long ere this, crossed the dark waters—and is safely landed into the flowery coast of a world of fadeless bloom!

A PRINTER'S TECHNICAL TOAST. Given at the recent anniversary of the 'Co-lumbia Typographical Society" at Washing-

ton:- Woman -- A handsomely decorated form, composed by the great artist, which always registers to the satisfaction of a skillful handand which all good workmen take pleasure in putting to press.

"PAIRED, NOT MATCHED."

"PAIRED. NOT MATCHED."
We don't know what the mis h fis getting into the heads of the married folks of this happy land. East, West, North, and South, they are striving to slip the silken goose of metrimony as though it was a knotty hempen cord. The other day we were called on to chronicle the large number of divorce cases pending in Rhode Island—This we attributed to the fairly of the manufactures. Then came the analysis of the manufactures. lure of the manufactures. Then came the applications to the Legislature of New Jersey robably because the cider barrels was M. T. In Maryland, likewise, applications have been multitudinous. We are inclined to attribute those to the absences of husbands on the railroad, where we fear they spend their wages, leaving their wives to get along this cold weather as well as they can. In Ohio, likewise, many attempts are making to cut the knot which death alone has the privilege of untying. The reasons for this we cannot discern, as victuals are cheap and plenty in that region Cucumbers grow a rod long and corn so high that climbing ladders are necessary to reach the ears. But what are we to say of Vermont? The last advices from that quarter informs us that the Supreme Court at its late session in Rutland, granted six divorces. At a previous term, in Addison county, it granted eight. The united age of one of the divorced couples, was 170 years. This was 'ffat burglary,' unless the husband was 130 years old, and the wife 'fair, fat and only forty.'—N. Y. Com. Advertises.

"It was Dr. Franklin, we believe, who com-pared New Jersey to a cider barrel, tapped at both ends, viz. at New York and Philadelphia.

THE WOMAN WHO WENT ABROAD. A lady in the State of Connecticut, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbours, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband, in great haste, for the physician.—
The husband ran a few yards, but soon returnsed, exclaiming, My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?

ot, exclaiming. My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?'

THE IRISHMAN'S WITE A gentleman in Newport, walking on one of the wharves, encountered an Irish labourer, employed in digging, and feeling in a curious mood, enquired, 'What part of Ireland are you from?' 'What part, hey?—och, from all parts of it, jist at present, your honour?'

A RED FACE.

The late Lord (Kelly had a very red face. 'Pray, my Lord,' said Roote to him one dair,' come look over my garden wall; my executions are very backward.'